
Title: Plans

Author: Lord Rune Artisem

"Vor Xen Mor!"

"Ire Tor Jei!"

"Ter Bes Ker!"

And with those words of power I released the captive souls that I had contained within my beloved necklace. In agony they came screaming out in the form of a dark purple light. And within a mere instance they had been placed away like so many before them. They would rest here until it was time. For the Well of Souls was always quite pleased to be given new gifts. And soon it would have more gifts than what it would know to do with...

I then let loose a bit of laughter and left the Well. Things were well going as they should be. The Regency had taken the bait like a fat child takes a piece of bread. The recently issued arrest warrants would serve as the final political provocation between the Regency and Skara Brae. And the war that follows will serve as the key to the end of Trammel's short history. For I know that the pride that the Play King and his Regent share will not allow them to simply ignore this. They

would soon start amassing
their army and send it
to Skara Brae. The
army of the Play King
would meet with a fierce
resistance in the form of
Skara Brae, the Society,
and the Shadow Conclave.
And the souls that
would become mine.... Oh
so many souls! I would
finally have all that I
dreamed of with this
upcoming war! Absolute
power would finally be
mine!

But there was still much
to be done before I would
have my war... The
Shadow Conclave was due
to meet within days and I
must present the case of
Skara Brae to be of a
most urgent matter. It
should be fairly easy to
convince the other
members of the Conclave
to act upon this. Then
it would be all in place
and only a matter of
waiting on the army of
the Regent. Of course
their military invasion
would prove to be as
useful as fishing with no
worms...

They could easily place
hundreds of their paladins
and healers within Skara
Brae but it would change
nothing. The citizens of
Skara Brae were bonded
to both my phylactery
and the soul of Lady
Darkthorne in the form
of the darkest magic
imaginable. They would
come, die, and be safely
absorbed into my beautiful
jaded necklace. Such a
lovely thing this was... I
had the most wonderful
chance of purchasing it
from one of the realm's
most wealthiest ladies
who had stumbled across

it at some market in
Trinsic ages ago. But
what was known to me
and none of the previous
owners was what it
actually was. The largest
gem on this diabolical
necklace was a soul stone
from ancient times for
its power would contain
souls within itself until
the correct words of
power were muttered and
then they would be
released. But of course
the Well of Souls would
never give up any free
wandering souls...

I muttered the correct
words of power and
recalled back to my
private lab. It was time
to summon Lady
Darkthorne so that we
could go over business
for the next few days.
I sat down at my writing
desk and began to write
a letter to the Lady of
the Society...

"Dearest Lynne...

We must speak.

-A"

"Ah, Lynne... It had been
a week since I had told
you my feelings and given
you the kiss..." I slowly
muttered to myself.

I hoped that she would
soon contact me back...
As silly as the thought
was to entertain, I
missed Lady Darkthorne
dearly... Never... had I
had feelings for anyone
like I had for her... But
fate is a strange beast
that all must contend
with. I would no longer
wrestle with these
strange feelings for I
knew that I must accept

them.

I then took the letter,
sealed it, and gave it to
one of my dear ravens
so that it might be
delivered quickly. I should
hope to hear something
back from Lady
Darkthorne within a day
or so... And then we
would discuss with what
to do with the one piece
of the puzzle that needs
to be dealt with...

Aleph Aeirs and his
Heralds of the
Awakening... I curse my
own name for not sealing
his spirit within the Well
of Souls instead of the
Lich Lord's blasted throne
so very long ago... For
if he had been dealt with
like the rat he was then
I would not be holding my
concerns over the
Heralds... And one would
think that the
transformation of Umbra
Moonstone from the Sage
of Spirituality into my
Sage of Hythloth would
be more than enough to
discourage that petty
band of Oracles and
Sages from further
meddling within my
affairs... But no matter!
Already I have sent a
shadow from Caina to
deal with Aeirs... And if
the head of the serpent
is cut off then the
beast as a whole will
die... But until I can see
his lifeless corpse impaled
on a spear within Skara
Brae then I will not be
satisfied... But I have
foreseen that I will soon
be satisfied and that
thought is so very
pleasing...

My time would soon be
here at long last...

Death would fill the facet
of Trammel in the form
of a mighty war and I
would be there to
harvest the souls of all
slain within it...

And then all of Sosaria
would bow in fear before
my might...